The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

LARRY BETTENCOURT
ST. MARY'S FIRST ALL-AMERICAN

Concerning Larry Bettencourt, St. Mary's phenomenal gridder, last Sunday's edition of the San Francisco Examiner said that everyone was picking on him, he was still smiling. Well, we're going to pick on him once more, and if he could stand the writings of the newspaper scribes without being bored, we guess he can take a final tribute from us standing up.

Larry came to St. Mary's in 1924 from Centerville. Bashful and retiring by nature, with baseball as his hobby, it was only after the repeated urgings of a few Frosh acquaintances that he tried out for football. He became a candidate for the center position, but the ambition of making his letter that year seemed futile. Ed Lorigan, Varsity pivot man from the year preceding, was back, and to all appearances had the job cinched. In the first tilt of the season, with the Mare Island Sailors, Bettencourt did not even get in the game. Every other man on the squad played except the one who was destined to be the greatest footballer of them all—fate was playing strange tricks.

Then came the break between U. S. C. and Stanford. The former, to fill in this unexpected gap in its schedule, booked St. Mary's, who was also without an opponent for that date. Though the Saints were looked upon as a practice team by Gus Henderson's Trojans, nevertheless they proved themselves tartars, and won, 14 to 10. We'll admit that Strader's bucking over the first Gael touchdown from the ten yard line in three downs was great work, and Grant's pass to O'Rourke from punt formation on the twenty yard line to over the goal was marvelous, but to Bettencourt goes most of the credit for that sensational win. Lorigan was injured early in the game, and Bettencourt relieved him. Then the fun began. Morton Kaer, last year All-American back, was in the game for U. S. C., and was continually ripping off long gains with wide end runs off punt formation. The first time he essayed one of these with Bettencourt in the line, the said Bettencourt threw him for a big loss. And every time the play was repeated, the same thing happened. In the latter part of the game, with the score 14 to 7 against them, the Thundering Herd thundered down to the Saint five yard line. On the next play Kaer started around end with Bettencourt again in the role of pursuer. In a desperate attempt to elude this resolute tackler Kaer ran back, only to be overtaken and thrown on the twenty-three yard line. After two more ineffectual thrusts at the line, U. S. C. kicked a field goal, which made the score 14 to 10, and which it remained. After that contest Bettencourt played pretty regularly. In the Santa Clara game of that year he made the first of his record of eleven touchdowns, intercepting a pass and running sixty yards to a score.

The following season Lorigan failed to return to school, and Bettencourt became the regular Saint pivot man. For the next three years he was a bulwark of strength in the Gael line. Last year he was put on the third All-American team. This season, as captain of the Red and Blue, Larry played a Herculean game, standing head and shoulders over any center on the Coast. If there was ever an All-American, surely here was one. The first selection of any weight of this sort this year was that of the N. Y. Sun, and sure enough, Bettencourt was named as center. Then came Davis Walsh, noted sports writer, with his selections. Again was Bettencourt chosen. Grantland Rice, in his selections, named Charlesworth of Yale on his first team, with Bettencourt second. Sport writers all over the country are still gasping at Mr. Rice's choice, and this, with a few other questionable selections, puts Mr. Rice, as far as the picking of All-American teams is concerned, in the dodo class. In direct reproof of Rice's center selection, came Rockne, Jones and Warner's team, with Bettencourt at center, and with this noted trio of coaches lauding him as the "brainiest player on the Coast today." Charlesworth is neither on the second or third teams, but is only included in the honorable mentioned list. If Jones, Charlesworth's own coach, could only see fit to give him this ranking, something, indeed, must be wrong with Mr. Rice's selection.

But why worry over Mr. Rice? He is only Collier's self-styled football authority. His putting of Bettencourt on the second team means nothing in the face of the fact that the Sun, Walsh, Rockne, Jones and Warner picked the St. Mary's center on their first teams. Majority rules, and Bettencourt is All-American center. That we're proud of him goes without saying. Mr. Madigan taught him all the tricks of the trade, and to him also goes a lot of credit. "Slip" Madigan is on the All-America team of coaches, and with him as mentor, now that St. Mary's has started, more All-Americans will be produced. Larry Bettencourt heads the list. Who will follow? When our throats grow hoarse, and our cheers subside, we can only sit back and clasp our hands and wait for another mighty man to put in his appearance in a Gael suit and bring national glory to his college such as Bettencourt has.

MR. MIKIMOTO FARMS PEARLS

One of the latest triumphs of man's inventive genius over nature comes to us from Japan. The feat is the farming of pearls, not artificial ones, but pearls that are identical in color, form, and substance, with natural ones.

This may sound peculiar, but it is nonetheless absolutely true. One Kikichi Mikimoto, a native of Toba, Japan, and nearly seventy years of age, found a way, with the aid of Japanese scientists, to produce pearls, using the oyster as an ally. Mikimoto's process was explained in the "Scientific American" by David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University, who tells of a visit to this "farmer of pearls."

Natural pearls grow in the pearl sac of an oyster, in whose cells the pearl substance is secreted. It is not known whether or not there is an outside stimulus.

Mikimoto's method is to remove the pearl sac from an oyster, and a fragment of a freshwater mussel is put into it as a nucleus. By means of a delicate surgical operation, so delicate that it was at first deemed impossible, the whole is then inserted in the shell-secreting tissue of another oyster.

Oysters thus operated on are then planted about one foot apart in water thirty or forty feet deep. There they are left for a period of five years, when Japanese women, capable of staying under water for more than two minutes, if necessary, dive and bring them to the surface. During the five year span lustrous pearls have evolved in the pearl sacs.

We have heard of artificial pearls being made from fish scales, but this is something decidedly new and interesting. There is no telling what heights man's study and effort will enable him to attain. What is now but a remote possibility, may soon be an accepted reality. The farming of pearls is an example of this—who would have seriously entertained the idea that this would have come to pass twenty years ago. There is surely a lot of truth in the statement that "one never knows what tomorrow will bring forth."

ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS

It is customary, during this period preceding Christmas, to suggest things that would make suitable gifts. The guiding principle of selection should be to choose that which is useful to the person who receives the gift, and yet is something he would not buy himself. As there are very many Catholics who do not buy the magazines of their Faith, we should be governed by this rule and do it for them.

The intelligent Catholic layman wishes to know a great many things pertaining to his religion. As the Church is not a static organization, there are arising constantly many subjects of great interest. The daily newspapers do not give much information about these currents in Catholic life, but there are publications that do; keeping their readers in contact with the development of schools, the progress of missions, legislation of a religious nature, and most important of all, the literature that is produced through the influence of the Christian tradition.

Such a gift, introducing a friend to the many activities of his religion, will convey benefits that are seldom derived from the ordinary Yule Tide offering. It will express a true understanding of the season, linking the two, the giver and the receiver, in a very real way with the spirit of those who came to the feet of the Child King, bearing gold and frankincense.

F. P. B.

That the woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be loved.

—Matthew Henry.

MY FRIEND, MR. B.

"When your critic says that life can never cease to be potential artistic material, he is not far from the truth. What differentiates the daily newspaper from literature is the fact that literature is artistic. This artistry manifests itself in he form of a judicious selection of the essential parts of life, as it were. Art as Michael Angelo said, is 'the purgation of superfluities.' This experience which the writer seeks to transmute to the reader must, of course, be adequately expressed if it is to succeed its aim of fine literature."

I was in no small measure surprised at B—'s reply. I would have for all the world sworn that he was dreaming or at any rate that he had failed to comprehend my query. His ready answer put to rout my fears.

"I mention expression because I am convinced that style is an important consideration, however no matter how well the author has expressed himself, the reader must also be sensible to the author's expression of life. The author's experience must be compatible with the reader's, if I make myself plain. There is no technical knowledge required to appreciate literature but an understanding of life is indispensible. Kerfoot's book entitled "How to Read," goes into a very elaborate and quite adequate dissertation on this point. The author explains how the reader repeats the act of creation. There is an unconscious blending of two souls, the writer and the reader. And the reader will appreciate the work according to how full his own life has been. He must have a profound interest in life, for it is the stuff of which literature is made.

This experience, this living, must be universal, not the narrow, provincial interpretation that is apparently vitiating American creation today. Literature as such, is not American or French or Italian, but is universal. It becomes one sided and inchoate, ephemeral and evanescent when it seeks to expose any specific efficiency or any specific deficiency as The Typical American Business Man, The Typical American Physician, The Typical American Clergyman. If writing with such a mission has any aspirations at all they are generally nullified by critics who regard it as good, or not good, according to the degree of accuracy with which the prototype is approximated.

And these critics are justified because such production is patently for popular consumption with the remunerative end not unconsidered.

The creator of true literature does not venerate any physical God. He creates an ideal character who lives a life that might, in all plausibility, be lived by the reader. The author, if he has produced real literature, has infused life into his characters because he himself has lived and he rationalizes this feeling, this experience, with a plan, technically called plot. In this respect he must regard form. This consideration also marks his departure from mere impressionism, although he ceased to be an impressionist when he selected the pertinent facts for his creation.

You can see here how the inner and outer consciousness are fused. The author's outer experience is colored by his own personality and by the general tenor of the era in which he lives. Insofar as he is broad and deep will he succeed in vitalizing his experience and expressing it well. His experience is an appeal to the experience of others. George Edward Woodberry, in his "Appreciation of Literature," expresses this with more than passing wisdom when he says: "The secret of appreciation is to share the passion for life that literature itself exemplifies and contains; out of real experience, the best that one can have, to possess one's self of that imaginary experience which is the stuff of larger life and the place of ideal expansion of the soul, the gateway to which art in all forms and primarily literature; to avail one's self of that for pleasure and wisdom and fullness of life. It is those minds which are experienced that alone come to be on the level of the greatest works and to absorb their life, but the way is a gradual ascent, by natural growth, by maintaining a vital relation with what is read. So long as the bond between author and reader is a living bond, appreciation is secure.

"He speaks of the reader," B— observed, "however he shows that there is necessity for a union of reader and author and that literature possesses a "passion for life" that the reader must attain before he is to appreciate the masterpiece in its fullest significance.

I have been dealing much in abstraction because I am privy to no other way of regarding our problem. I will admit, however, that your question took me unawares; at any rate there is no doubt in my mind but what I could offer you any more aid in your difficulty with longer preparation. I realize that I have made not a few assumptions which are as yet unproved, for instance I have not show how contemporary American Literature is being vitiated by narrowness and over-emphasis upon the physical. I will return to this later."

(B— will continue his discussion in the next issue.)

PERIODICALS

R. PAGE

HISTORY OF RUSSIAN COMMUNISM—PART III

Current History, November, 1927, and The National Geographic, November, 1926

During the years of 1918-19 the scientific life of Russia was almost completely paralyzed. Most scientific institutions were closed or looted by the revolutionists, and some were actually destroyed. Universities, hospitals and laboratories were closed for many months, while teachers and scientists fled abroad or to remote parts of Russia. However, after the most stringent years of the revolution had passed the government began a policy of recognition and aid to the men of learning. Special commissions were created for this purpose, homes were established for scholars and scientists, sanatoria were opened and measures re-establishing scientific research were adopted.

Bad as conditions for scientists during the first years of the revolution were, conditions for writers were worse. In 1918-20 literature almost ceased to exist. The young soviet government almost completely silenced the press.

Alexander Blok, pre-revolutionary writer, was one of very few who still was allowed expression. He was in sympathy with the revolution and his great poem, "The Twelve," gives it a sentimental and a religious nature; in it Blok depicts Jesus Christ leading twelve Bolshevik apostles through the unjustice of Czarism to the justice of Communism.

Maiakovsky is another writer who survived this cultural repression. More revolutionary than Blok, in a poem he purposed to throw Raphael out of the museums because Raphael was not blessed or cursed, (if you will) with proletarianism.

The Russian government during this literary famine was trying to create a new school of proletarian literature. The workers were to be the writers. Literary studios were established. They were of value in rousing creative impulses among the working classes, but as far as results are concerned, they were a dismal failure. They were abandoned in 1922, and after much controversy the government decided to permit non-proletarian writers who were not against Bolshevism to indulge their aptitude.

A new school of writers now came forth. Among the poets the late Sergei Essenin, a peasant, is outstanding. "His work expresses a profound feeling for nature and the quiet sadness of a man who cannot succeed in spite of all his efforts to place himself on a level with a wicked and bitter time."

The rendering of fiction in the Communistic epoch is to be found in the novels of Babel and Pilniak. "The Cavalry Army," by the former, and "The Naked Year," (a striking picture of the famine of 1920), by the latter, are deserving of commendation.

Before the revolution the Russian theatre was essentially a play-thing of the well-to-do classes . It was not done away with by the Bolsheviks, but was used as a means to spread their propaganda. All theatres were proclaimed the property of the government and practically free access was given to the masses of the people. The political play was produced in keeping with the spirit of the times and it was received with great acclaim, but as the government became more stable, the popularity of this type of play decreased and the Constructive era began. "The theatre now became a national revolutionary workshop for shaping, building and manufacturing sentiments and ideas as required by the needs of the whole revolutionary body-politic." The actors became workmen, the curtain and all scenery was removed, scaffolding and mechanical devices were set up and the play was produced by a mechanical process which reduced human action to a machine-like formality. The purpose of this Constructivism was to reconcile art and soviet activity.

Such ideas as these could not survive, and the Russian government soon realized its folly. The result was a return to the original conception of the theatre.

Russia has not produced any plays comparable with those of the pre-revolution, but during the past three years her playwrights have made remarkable advancement. Outstanding among them are: Romashov's "The Town of Krivorilsk;" Erdman's "Mandate;" Bulgakov's "The Turbins," and Shkvarkin's "The Pernicious Element."

When it is considered that before the revolution Russia was 90 per cent illiterate and that the teaching personnel was proportionately limited, the development of education in the last ten years is deserving of much laudation. Public schools were established, and are being established throughout the country. The aim is to teach thinking and not merely memorizing. There are now enough schools so that the first four primary grades are free to all children between the ages of eight and eleven, and Russia intends to extend this until by 1934 education will be compulsory for all children up to the ages of 16. The high schools and universities are also being built, opened and conducted by the government.

We can think of no better statement with which to conclude this series of articles than the following from a member of the Foreign Office Presidium: "We want Americans to come and see our country and our people. We are not wild people; just plain, ordinary people, trying to put into practice new social theories, facing great obstacles, but slowly succeeding."

(The End)

DUSTY ITEMS

M. AIKIN

THE MECHANICS OF BOOKS

It is somewhat difficult, these days, to read a book without being vividly impressed by its form. And if it was not always thus (for many a sombre tome have we taken in hand, and laid aside with slight recollection of its shape and hue) it is no longer possible to be immune to the singularly striking personality of books—regardless of the thought which they unfurl. Very striking, indeed, are those checkered cerise and apple-green tomes, with their yellow edges, and those eccentric little purple and magenta polka-dotted volumes in which the many fluttering female exponents of **vers libre** are pleased to frock the children of their brains (?). We might venture that one need no longer read books if one would enjoy them! One has but to array one's self with a random selection of the dazzling editions of today, and then recline in one's easy chair and allow one's fancy to dwell upon the proverbial eccentricity of writers.

Alack, gentle readers, if in our quest for the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds, we can no longer remain oblivious to the mere accidents of shape, and color and size of books, let us then face the issue with fortitude. Let us deliberately set about to know those accidents. We shall begin at the beginning, and trace the book from the time it leaves the author's clacking typewriter, until as a finished product it rests on the bargain counter of some second-hand book shop, soiled and bent from overmuch handling and admiration—its pages still uncut.

When the printers receive a manuscript, the first thing they do, of course (after bartering with the author) is to give it to some ultra-officious official who casts it into intelligible English, correcting all the errors in orthography, and revising all the atrocities of grammar. The manuscript is then ready for the compositor, who operates a very complex contraption, known as the linotype machine. When this efficient agent has finished his work, the galleys, or long trays of type, are tested on a hand press, and the proof is returned to the author.

The author then sets about to eliminate this line, and to add two or three words here, and a sentence or so there. And after he has irately indicated all the many, many typographical errors which the careless compositor has made, he returns the proofsheets to the printer, who corrects the galleys and forthwith prepares them for the press. This is done by arranging them in large frames which print two, four, eight, twelve, and sometimes sixteen pages at a time.

When the sheets are taken from the press, they are folded so as to form the desired number of pages. Thus, for a folio, the sheet is folded once, making two leaves, or four pages; a quarto is folded twice, giving four leaves, or eight pages; an octavo, or eight leaves, is folded once again, and so on. The sets of pages are then assembled, trimmed, and sewed together, and according as the sets are of four, or of eight leaves, the books which they compose are called, respectively, quartos (4vo) and octavos (8vo). The size of such books depends upon the size of the sheets upon which they are printed. The medium, or standard octavo measures six by nine and a half inches, while the quarto is commonly about nine and a half by twelve—forming a nearly square book.

The next step in the process of book-making is the binding. Covers are prepared of heavy cardboard covered with fabric, and the title and ornamentation is embossed on the back in gold-leaf, using heated type and dies for the process. The book is then glued into the cover by means of a tough gauze, which was fixed at the back when the pages were sewed. After the fly-leaves have been pasted in, so as to conceal the mechanism, the book is placed in a press, and after a few hours is ready to begin its perilous venture into that world which has already more books than it can find time to read!

MORAGA

In the Valley of Moraga
'Mid the sloping hills of green
Mother Nature's unhoed garden
Had flourished calm, serene.

In the Valley of Moraga
On a sun-baked fertile field
Fell the seed of education
To fertilize its zeal.

In the Valley of Moraga .
Unperverted Nature's boast
Grew the plant of education
Full nourished by its host.

In the Valley of Moraga
Vast, uncultivated sea
This plant will bloom to fullness
And culture Nature's Free.

R. Joseph Arata, '28.

DRAMA

"HIT THE DECK"

Because of an insufficiency of worthwhile dramatic productions in San Francisco and Oakland, we have chosen in preference to witnessing a three-act drama of insignificant prattle, to view one of the season's musical comedy hits. We didn't manage to avoid the incondite twaddling, but were rewarded with some rather scintillating musical selections and high class vaudeville.

"Hit the Deck," a nautical musical comedy, had its Pacific Coast premiere on Nov. 21, at the Lurie Theatre in San Francisco. The comedy was evidently fairly well staged and directed, as musical comedies go, but it did not as a whole, possess those characteristics that would place it above mediocrity. It is hardly the type of musical comedy that will prove to be as sensational as "The Student Prince," or "No-No-Nannette."

First let us consider the production in the light of its musical scores. "Hit the Deck" has only one real musical success; namely, the song called "Hallelujah," which is a catchy melody. It is not the sort of musical strain that is destined to be long remembered, for it lacks fine qualities. Principally, because of the absence of intrinsically delightful musical compositions, "Hit the Deck" doesn't quite "hit the mark." It is consequently not destined to become a great musical comedy. Then there is the matter of acting and singing. Miss Kathryn Crawford, who has the leading part, does both of these last mentioned functions very well. Due to her cleverness, some otherwise dull moments are freshened and made lively. Miss Crawford has some able, but not outstanding support from those portraying minor leading parts. The chorus, comprising over fifty young men and women, is quite pleasing and sings in unison. One mighty fine feature is the singing of the "Lee Fong Quartette." Their harmony is clear cut and well-blended. At various intervals during the performance humorous incidents are in evidence, and they manage to keep up the thread of lightsomeness until the grand finale is reached.

The most impressive scene of "Hit the Deck" takes place in the second half of the production, wherein the popular song "Hallelujah" is introduced and sung with "pep" and enthusiasm. Being assembled in colorful costumes the chorus, together with Miss Crawford and her associates, make the latter portion of the performance an enjoyable spectacle.

The plot found in "Hit the Deck" is rather flimsy and ornamental. It deals with a smart little inn keeper's love for a young sailor lad and of her final success in proving her fidelity to him. Incidentally, anyone who witnessed the motion picture, "Shore Leave" featuring Dick Barthelmess, will have a definite idea of the plot to be found in "Hit the Deck." Both have proved to be strikingly similar, thought not decicedly impressive; and if conjectures mean anything, the musical comedy is not destined to become any more of a success than was the motion picture version of the same theme. We will say this much,—"Hit the Deck" is good, but its goodness does not extend beyond the limits of mediocrity.

L. C.

"THE OUTSIDER"

The Fulton Theatre recently produced a drama, "The Outsider," which proved quite a success, and above their usual efforts. The theme of the play was that in any progressive movement one should not permit himself to be hampered with rules or to be directed by personal feeling. The example used to illustrate the point was a supposed incident taken from medical life, the dry and technical nature of which was adequately counteracted by a love story.

The plot concerns an English medical association which discusses the merits of one Ragatzy, who has effected some wonderful cures in cases that had been given up by others. The objection to him is that he has no degree, and for that reason they refuse to accept his methods.

Of course, the principal doctor of the association has a beautiful daughter whose one physical defect is a lameness, the curing of which has been given up by all the association. Ragatzy, who feels that he can do something for the girl, tries every means of approaching her, and finally sends a poor old woman, a patient of his, whose knee he has cured in remarkable fashion. The old lady finally is admitted to the girl and her lover. She extols the work of Ragatzy, but the girl says she can hardly oppose her father, who has denounced Ragatzy as worthless. At this time Ragatzy enters, and so plays upon the emotions of the girl that she hastens to sign a contract giving him the opportunity of trying to cure her. The girl's lover had told her that he would be willing to marry her only on condition that she could walk, and that played a strong part in her signing of the contract. The father enters and orders Ragatzy out of the house; the girl finally openly opposes her father and signifies her intention of remaining a year under the care of Ragatzy.

The final act shows the girl stretched upon a rack which Ragatzy has used to effect his cures. All the skeptical doctors are gathered around, for it is the time which Ragatzy has indicated for the complete recovery of the girl. Ragatzy comes in quite late. The girl is made to stand, but she says she has forgotten how to walk. Ragatzy implores her to try—after one step she faints. The same happens again. The girl's former lover denounces Ragatzy for having made her suffer a whole year to no purpose—and the doctors rejoice in the apparent failure of their rival. They all leave. Ragatzy says that since he has failed, he too must go. It has happened that in the past year the girl and Ragatzy have fallen in love with each other—when Ragatzy makes motions as if to leave, she tries to call him back, and finally runs after him. Thus she is made to walk.

As it can be seen, "The Outsider" is somewhat a different type of play than those to which we are generally accustomed. It has a real moral—that no profession should be subject to abuses merely because of petty jealousies or any other reason. The medical association was justified in being suspicious of Ragatzy's integrity since he had no "M. D." because that was their only ordinary means of determining what he knew. But when he showed that he had succeeded where they had failed, they would not give him due credit. In such a case, as Ragatzy said, an "M. D." signified "Mentally Deficient," and the highest degree which a medical man could have was "A. D. F.," meaning "After Doctors Fail." When Ragatzy had apparently failed in his treatment of the girl, all the doctors rejoiced—and, no doubt, they were much chagrined when they heard that he had succeeded after all. They all had an exaggerated idea of "The Honor of the Profession," and it blinded them to everything but their own pride.

George Barns as Ragatzy was very fine—and the part seemed to fit him better than many of his previous roles. Ruth Renick as the lame girl was also good. John G. Fee, portraying the girl's father, performed creditably, as did also Will Lloyd, who was one of the physicians.

Cloney and Keller.

STAFF

DEPARTMENTS

W. W. KELLER, '28 - - - - - Drama
L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - Drama
N. SULLIVAN, '28 - - - - - - Sports
E. HINES, '29 - - - - - - - Sports
A. DEMARTINI, '28 - - - - - Books
H. BERTAIN, '29 - - - - - Alumni

NEWS

J. FITZGERALD, '30 G. DELEW, '28
J. T. DAVIS, '31 M. CLONEY, '28
D. O'BRIEN, '29 T. CLEARY, '28

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BOOKS

"LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN"
Selected and Translated by A. P. McKinley

(Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y., 1926)

"There are two other kinds of epistles in which I take great delight; one familiar and playful; the other, sober and dignified. Which of the two it becomes me more to use I cannot tell."

Truly will that which is written endure the test of time if it is imbued with the vivifying spirit of art. For truth, beauty, and goodness the essentials of all artistic creation, strike pleasant chords in the heart of every man. Yet, that which is also intimately human, which is permeated with a personal and humanized charm will soothe the souls of men much more easily and in a deeper manner; and such literature will not only live for ages, but throughout an eternity of moments, since it is constituted by a fusion of both the divine and human. Such is in fact a temporal realization of the ideal of art,—to put in form divine, that which the human heart conceives.

This happy and superb effort has been made manifest in the literary achievements of the ancients, and Mr. McKinley would once more favor us with its close embrace in a novel and readable selection of the personal letters of Cicero,—letters strikingly human in that they reveal the inner cravings of the soul, and the finite yearnings of the heart. Indeed, Cicero sometimes lacked the desirable, and failed perhaps to grasp the significance of some of the vital things of life. However, this is but a manifestation of his being paganly human; and the humanity combined with qualities of nobility, culture, oratory, all made manifest through a pleasing faculty of friendly epistolary intercourse only tend to elevate him in the estimation of those who appreciate literature in its more human origins.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, a dominant personality, the man of the state, wrought much good and yielded many fruits with his magnificent orations. Cataline was condemned because of Cicero's powerful persuasions, and Clodius was forced to cow before his not less powerful and pertinent retorts before the senate. In the time of Antony's rule, it was also Cicero who came forward to grasp the reins of the toppling government and hold the vacillating Optimates in power until the very heavens cried against such a check! These are but hints at some of the achievements of which he willingly tells us in these letters. Often he even passionately longs for immortality among men: "I burn with a longing incredible but yet not reprehensible, as I believe, to have my name honored and celebrated in your writings. . . . Although these were not to be desired as matters of experience, they will be pleasing as subjects for reading; for there is pleasure when one in safety recalls past sorrow; and those who have never had any trouble upon beholding the misery of others take some pleasure in pity itself." In great crises of a nature both political and personal, he likewise remained firm in his principles, choosing Pompey in exile rather than friendly Caesar in power, defying Antony in the height of glory rather than betray his life-loved Republic upon vergent despair. But,—all is not glory, and Cicero—once in exile, once in a most despicable office for a lengthy year, once in an enduring and heartrending family strife—is always the man, and does not fail to laugh at his own follies and foibles. Indeed, the greater part of his letters reveal his political life with all its trials, and worries, for such occupation together with cultural leisure constituted the greater part of his active life. Mayhap, he gives us a snatch of humor, of comedy, and of fun, sometimes vague glimpses of a party or a hint at arguments with a pedagogue, at other times some bits of information upon his creations and their acceptance. But always it is the same Cicero, interested in the affairs of the state when possible; if not, then with voluminous writing of books and letters, and with the attendance of family and household cares. He is noble, powerful, loved and despised in public; friendly, jocose, kind, and literary at home.

Such is the impression one receives from his letters; akin to that of a noble Roman citizen of dominant bearing, possessing magnificent powers of oratory which aid him in protecting his revered republic; all in contrast to his love for wife and daughter, respect and care of servants, and intimate and personal love of friends. Yes, suicide he once imagined, though of real immortality he later deeply conceived into crystallized thought.

These letters Mr. McKinley combines into an enjoyable book as he intended. It is variously and unnoticeably completed with helpful hints which fill in the gaps, thus affording in addition to a personal view of Cicero, a really documentary history of his times in a form that is literally appreciable. A subject index also affords choice and individual reading for those who would merely sample these many epistles. Perhaps A. P. McKinley is slightfully over-praiseworthy of Marcus Tullius in his apropos remarks, though the letters themselves admit of personal judgment and intimate appreciation. . . An appreciation that does not arise for and from a profound philosopher, nor an appalling rhetorician, nor a cunning sophist, but for and from a Roman Gentleman who was human like the rest of mankind—so gratefully human as to transcribe for the good of our souls a broken record of his inner life!

"SOME MODERN AUTHORS"
By S. P. B. Mais

(Grant Richards, Ltd., London, 1923)

In this volume, Mr. Mais attempts to give a brief opinion of the work of some forty contemporary writers. As he himself tells us, he is not a literary critic, but a professional book reviewer. Yet this book "is a holiday that I have thoroughly earned. I am master of my own space. I need exercise, no news sense. I do not have to think in inches. I can use my own judgment." For once he is going to be a critic. Mr. Mais does not succeed. He is just what he calls himself, a "Taster," and real criticism requires more than mere sampling.

However, the book is not without benefit to a certain class of readers. It is the ideal volume for those who wish to discuss modern literature without reading modern writers. Mr. Mais very kindly summarizes volume after volume in so complete a manner that one need not bother reading the original; he gives us plenty of material for conversational purposes.

Mr. Mais says he is using his own judgment. What he writes is more in the way of an off-hand opinion than a conclusion which is the result of careful deliberation. He says that Sherwood Anderson's writings are "a clarion call to a new sweet philosophy," "a literature of vitality' which "means something." Is, then, the work of all the past ages to be discarded as valueless? That is what he seems to imply.

The author is also careless. He writes that Somerset Maugham's "Moon and Sixpence" is "the healthiest I ever read," and proceeds to quote selections which contain such phrases as "God damn my wife. She is an excellent woman. I wish she was in hell.' And "I know lust; that normal and healthy. Love is a disease. Women are instruments of my pleasure. I have no patience with their claim to be helpmates, partners, companions." I wonder what Mr. Mais means by "healthy."

Again, Mr. Mais delivers an opinion on Blasco Ibanez's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" with only the motion picture version as a basis. We can hardly blame him for not reading the book, but it is unpardonable even in a professional book reviewer to attempt to deliver judgments on volumes that he has not even read.

Mr. Mais is full of enthusiasm for certain writers. He presents glowing tributes of Chesterton, Street, Shaw and Barrie, but utterly fails to communicate this enthusiasm to the reader. He has infinite variety, showing an ability to go into ecstasies over almost anything. Yet Mr. Mais is so completely the professional book reviewer that he cannot rise to the level of the literary critic. He can give the substance of books in thorough fashion and he adds interesting opinions which are more emotional than judicial—that is all. He is a God-send to those who specialize in dinner-table conversation.

William W. Keller, '28.

BRINGING FIFTH AVENUE TO SAINT MARY'S

OVER THE HOLIDAYS

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GAELS SMOTHER BRONCOS 22 TO 0

IS FOURTH CONSECUTIVE WIN IN ANNUAL BIG GAME

The annual big game with Santa Clara has come and gone, yet its memory still lingers in the minds of the fans who watched the powerful Saint Mary's Varsity push its weaker rivals all over the field, and come out victorious on the long end of a 22 to 0 score. The fans had scarcely seated themselves when the Saints scored their first touchdown.

Saint Mary's won the toss and chose to kick off, defending the east goal. Ackerman did the kicking, the Bronco receiver fumbled, but recovered on the eighteen yard line. On the first play a bad pass from center sent the pigskin bouncing towards the Bronco goal. A mad dash followed, and when the players were disentangled the ever alert Frankian was on the ball, and it was first down on the Bronco's two-yard line. Two line plays gained about a yard, and on the third down Driscoll took the ball over through a hole opened by Bettencourt. Ackerman's convert was outside and the Saints had a 6 to 0 lead.

The Gaels again kicked off and for the remainder of the first quarter both teams played a very conservative game. Three line plays and then kick was the watchword, with the ball mostly in Bronco territory. When the quarter ended the ball was on Santa Clara's five-yard line, as the result of a very fine boot by Simas. To start the second quarter Falk lost four yards and kicked from behind his own goal line to the Bronco forty yard line. A couple of slashes off tackle and a pass to Frankian made it first down on the Bronco twenty-two yard line. Here Santa Clara held for three downs. Simas then threw a perfect pass into the waiting arms of Frankian over the goal line. Ackerman converted and the score was—Gaels 13, Broncos 0. The remainder of the half found both teams kicking back and forth, with a few line bucks sandwiched in between.

With the start of the third quarter the Broncos showed a slight offensive, but Pitchford recovered a fumble on the Santa Clara forty-six-yard line and the Saints started a march to a touchdown. However, stabs at the line failed to gain. On the next play Simas dropped back and with fine protection hurled a beautiful twenty-yard pass to the ever present Frankian, who galloped the remaining twenty-six yards for the third touchdown. Ackerman again converted and the Saints were sitting pretty with a 20 to 0 lead. The remainder of the period found the ball in Bronco territory most of the time.

(Continued on page 8)

Sophomore Heads Musical Association

Norval King was unanimously elected president of the College Musical Association at a meeting held recently. Besides being a pianist of no mean ability, "Norv" is very familiar with the horn, and the more proletarian instrument, the harmonica. His conscientious and ambitious spirit will go far in making the Association a success.

The other officers elected were treasurer and secretary, Michael Flaherty and Bernard Dobbins being chosen for these posts.

SAINT BASKET PROSPECTS LOOM UP BRIGHT

JIM UNDERHILL, CENTER, IS THE ONLY LOSS

With the 1927 football season now a memory, Saint Mary's College is preparing for what looks to be one of its most successful basketball seasons. Jim Underhill, former captain and star center, has graduated, but there remains with Coach Madigan, Captain Sig Lien, Ed. Tazer, Jerry Linares, Heinie Driscoll, Ray Arata and Gayle Johnson, letter men of last year, a formidable nucleus for any cage team. Ike Frankian and Joe Rooney will also be candidates.

Besides these experienced men there are coming from last year's frosh quintet, Simas, Scarlett, Pitchford, Higgins, O'Brien, Haley and Conlan. Also Joe Sears will be eligible this year for a place on the Varsity.

Captain Sig Lien is regarded as one of the best standing guards on the Coast. He is big and fast, an accurate passer and he handles shots off the back board to perfection. In Ed Tazer the Varsity has one of the best floor men in the West. He has a wonderful eye for the basket, and last year he was high point man in every game. Jerry Linares, Tazer's running mate of last year, is a good defensive man, and also a good shooter. He is a fine floorman and a very accurate passer. Heinie Driscoll, Ray Arata, Gayle Johnson and Butch Simas will fight it out for the running guard position. Driscoll is a real defensive guard for he knows the game well, and he sure covers the opponents' forwards in great style. Simas was the shining light of the frosh last year with his wonderful defensive and offensive playing.

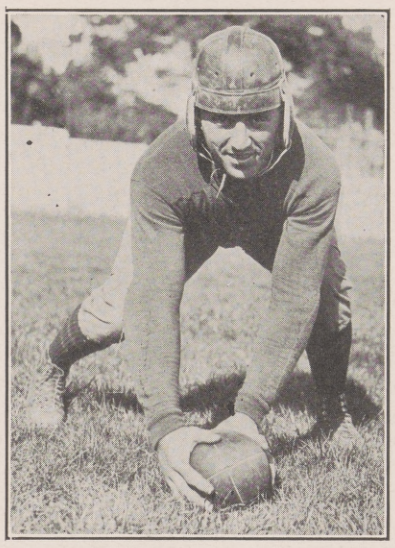
Johnson and Arata are both good guards and can be counted upon to give plenty of competition to Driscoll and Simas. Ike Frankian, Cal Pitchford and Bunny Higgins will be the understudies of Sig Lien. Pitchford last year was the regular Frosh standing guard, and is a lad of great promise on the court. Frankian and Higgins are both good men who know the game. Who will take Underhill's place at center is not as yet known.

Summing up the prospects, everything looks bright and rosy for the Saints' cage team. The men will fight hard and their opponents are going to find it a difficult task to defeat them.

Death Takes ex-Phoenix Man

Friends are lamenting the passing of Walter Keeley, one of the finest baseball products of Saint Mary's College. Keeley dropped dead a week ago Sunday while sitting on the bench at the Oakland Coast League ball park, where he was awaiting his turn at bat, he being a member of the Piggly Wiggly team in the Midwinter League. He had been hit on the head by a fast ball some weeks previously, and friends attribute his sudden passing in a large measure to this. Keeley was twenty-six years of age. On leaving College he played with the Brooklyn Dodgers and in the Texas and International Leagues. He was without a peer as an infielder, but was very weak with the willow, which made his stay in fast company short.

Larry Bettencourt



GAEL LEADER ALL-AMERICAN

FIRST SAINT TO RECEIVE NATIONAL ACCLAIM

Larry Bettencourt, Saint Mary's captain and star center, is the first Saint to have been placed on the first All-American team, The N. Y. Sun, David Walsh, the Hearst Papers, and Rockne, Jones and Warner placing him in the pivot position in their selections.

It will be remembered that Norman Strader, former Gael fullback, was put on the third team in Walter Camp's mythical selections. Bettencourt was afforded the same honor last year. This season he blossomed forth as the nation's best, playing a faultless game. During his grid career he established a record for centers, scoring eleven touchdowns. This year he blocked one or more kicks almost every game. Rockne, Jones, and Warner hail him as "the brainiest player on the Coast today, having an intuitive ability of sensing the opponents' plays." It will be a long time until another center such as he develops forth.

Nineteen Men From Grid Squad Get Letters

At the last meeting of the Varsity Committee, it was decided on that nineteen men of the Gael football squad had put in enough time on the field to merit their receiving sweaters. The list includes nine linemen and ten backfield men. The following are the men who will receive the awards:

Larry Bettencourt, '28.
Pope Illia, '28.
Al Tobin, '29.
Ike Frankian, '29.
Gus O'Gorman, '29.
Jack Merrick, '29.
Phil Murphy, '29.
Gale Johnson, '28.
Toots Kasperowicz, '29.
Pat Bogan, '30.
Hoot Herrin, '30.
Joe Rooney, '29.
Cal Pitchford, '30.
Heinie Driscoll, '29.
Bunny Higgins, '30.
Ray McIntyre, '28
Sig Lien, '29.
George Ackerman, '30.
Butch Simas, '30.

SANTA CLARA WINS DEBATE

MISSION STUDENTS GET UNANIMOUS DECISION OVER OPPONENTS

In the initial annual forensic duel between the Universities of Saint Mary's and Santa Clara, the latter came out with the unanimous decision.

The question was: "Resolved: That the Democratic Party should rescind the two-thirds majority rule."

The affirmative was upheld by Edwin Regan and Newell Hooey of Saint Mary's at Santa Clara, with Deacon and Maynard as their opponents. The negative side of the question was upheld by Bernard Dobbins and John Connolly in the Alumni gymnasium here, with Spann and McKenna of the Mission institution opposing them. In both places were the Santa Clarans given the verdict.

All in all the debate was very well handled. To the A. P. G. U. Society of this College goes a lot of credit for starting debating activities between these two traditional rivals—Saint Mary's and Santa Clara. Good feeling prevailed on both sides, and the decision was accepted without so much as a murmur. For Santa Clara, the entire team stood out. It was phenomenal in the case of Maynard, who is a blind student of the institution; his speech and rendition were flawless. For Saint Mary's John Connolly and Edwin Regan stood out. These men have had considerable experience in this line, and therefore should have shown up better than Dobbins and Hooey, who are comparative beginners. Dobbins, only a Sophomore, was extremely good when one takes into consideration that the only previous experience he had was interclass debating. He is a comer. Though the boys went down to defeat, they are determined to try again—and another year is another opportunity.

Murphy Gets "Annual" Post

Following the withdrawal of Frank Mulcahy from school, Phil Murphy of the Junior Class has been appointed Business Manager of the Collegian Annual. Murphy has taken up the reins right where his predecessor left off, and is going right at the job in a business-like manner. Murphy seems to have ability in this job of ad getting, and there is little worry to rest on the shoulders of Editor Dennis regarding the financial success of the year book.

Bleacher Stunts Big Success

The bleacher stunts at the Santa Clara contest were directly the result of the efforts of Brother Vantasian and Ray Arata. These two, working together, figured out the stunts, which met with the unanimous applause of the fans. Brother Vantasian has taken part in this work in past years, but it was the initial effort on the part of Mr. Arata. Both are to be congratulated on the results of their combined labor.

JOHN WATSON IN BOND JOB

"Red" Watson, ex-'27, has sent word to the College asking if there is any spare change among the students. If any students are interested just send it to "Red," and he will double your money through the exchange of Blythe-Witter Co., Portland. "Red" is making great success as a stock and bond salesman for this company.

BROTHERS TO CONVENE AT ST. MARY'S

MARKS FINAL ACTIVITY IN OLD BUILDING

The Brothers of the Pacific Coast will assemble for a convention here at the College during the Christmas recess. Though an annual convention is customary among the Brothers as a manifestation of a keen interest in their work, this particular gathering promises to be one of the most important and beneficial yet held in the district. The discussion of educational problems bearing directly upon their practical work will form the nucleus of the convention, while interludes of music, readings, and exchange of ideas will constitute other of its features.

The younger Brothers of this District will play an important role in the coming convention. This is fortunate in that it will give them an excellent opportunity to profit from the experience of the old members, and to face educational problems as they are, besides stimulating their interest in other affairs of education. Since the Brothers of the entire District will assemble, it will constitute a social gathering where the older members can talk of past times, and the younger ones to anticipate the future.

SOPHS PLAN NEW VENTURE

The Sophomore Class, once more bitten by the social bug, is planning a new venture. A moonlight boat ride is the next thing on the second year men's program. The matter was brought up at the last meeting, and preparations for the event are now under way. If the plans mature, and the sophs vehemently affirm that they will, this will be the first affair of its kind to have been given by any class at Saint Mary's. It is intended that the cruise be the initial social affair of the next semester.

Tobin 1928 Grid Leader

At the annual grid banquet given by the Board of Athletic Control of Saint Mary's, Wednesday evening, November 30th, at the Athens Athletic Club, Al Tobin, star tackle of the squad, was elected Captain of the 1928 Varsity. Tobin is a product of Saint Mary's High, where he also starred, being captain of the team two years straight. This year Al played 594 out of 600 possible minutes, which in itself is quite a record, and reflects his ability and the faith Madigan has in him. Tobin is best on defense, breaking through frequently and smearing plays behind the line. He also shows uncanny ability in calling the opponents' plays before they get started.

SPANISH CLUB HOLDS LAST MEETING

On December 5, the Spanish Club of the College came together for their final meeting of the Fall Semester. The affair was something of a real fiesta 'spanola, and every member participating in the program. Srs. Navarro, Martin, and Zeller favored the assemblage with Spanish songs and stories, and Mr. Howells and other of the newer members spoke on Spanish Christmas customs. A few remarks by Brother Edward, and a light luncheon closed the business of the Club for the year of 1927.

JOHN J. McDONALD, '91

Mr. J. J. McDonald, '91, has been confined to his bed for some time with pneumonia. A few days ago he suffered a relapse and his condition is still quite serious. His son, Robert, graduated from Saint Mary's High School a few years ago and is at present studying law at Notre Dame.

Credits Given For Physical Education

Credits for Physical Education are given to all those who take part in the school activities of football, baseball and basketball. The maximum of units allowed for the lower division courses is two, while the maximum number for upper division is four. No more than one can be obtained a semester.

It is very important that all those who have participated in these sports see Mr. Madigan and have the units recorded, for these credits are recognized by the State Board of Education as a partial fulfillment of the requirements for a teacher's certificate in physical education.

CHARLEMAGNERS IN JOINT GATHERING

On November 30, the Charlemagne Club held a joint meeting of the two departments of the society. In their part of the meeting, Les Basochiens had French songs rendered by Brothers Daniel and Pius, and a paper in French giving the life and work of Paul Claudel, which was supplemented by a fine talk by Father Ribeyron. The Walhallabund, the other department, had German poetry interpreted by Brothers Cyprian and Matthew, and an excellent paper on the fate of the Titania, given in German by Mr. Gaynor. Mr. Meyer also gave a talk on the merits of several modern German writers.

SAINTS REFUSE GENEVA GAME

POST-SEASON TILT BARRED BY FACULTY

Though it is not so generally known to the public at large, Saint Mary's was offered the chance to play a post-season grid contest. The opponent was to be Geneva College of Pennsylvania, and the game was to have been played in Los Angeles in late December.

The Saint Mary's faculty, however, looked with disfavor on the proposition. They gave as the reason that the difficult schedule of ten games which the Saints had this year was sufficient competition, and would not give their sanction on the proposed post-season grid tilt. Though they are right without a doubt, the game would have been a good one had it blossomed into reality. Geneva is to be remembered as the team that came into prominence by beating Harvard last season. Coached by Bo McMillan, former Centre star, it has gone this season undefeated. Thus it is without doubt a team of merit, and a contest between Geneva and the Gaels would have been much in the nature of a classic.

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BROTHER LEO IN S. F. SPEECH

DELIVERS PRINCIPAL TALK IN CENTENARY CELEBRATION

On the evening of Tuesday, November 22nd, Brother Z. Leo was the chief speaker of the celebration of the Seventh Centenary of St. Francis held in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco.

His speech was up to his usual high standard. He told how every man must choose between two philosophies of life, that of the world, or that of an ideal, the latter which demands the sacrifice of that which the world holds most dear. The ideal for which St. Francis lived, said Brother Leo, was an ideal of love; and after summing up the influence of St. Francis upon his time, he turned to American liberty, and showed that the sure safeguard of that liberty is mutual sympathy—the love exemplified by the poor man of Assissi.

A large crowd thronged the Auditorium. Among the notables present were: James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of San Francisco; Former United States Senator James Phelan, and His Grace, Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco.

Alumnus Fetes Saint Varsity

A banquet for the football team was given by Jim Smith, prominent alumnus, on the evening of Monday, December 5th, at the Elks Club in Oakland. Guests of honor were Brother Agnon, without whom no such gathering would be complete, Coach Madigan, and Professor Hagerty, Moderator of Athletics. According to the members of the team, the banquet was a gala affair, and heartily enjoyed by all. A similar dinner was given by Mr. Smith last year at the St. Mark's Hotel. It goes without saying that Mr. Smith is a firm backer of the team, and they as well, are for him to a man.

ECONOMIC STUDENTS HEAR GOVERNMENT MAN

On Thursday, November 24, through the auspices of the Economic Association, under the leadership of Robert Page of the Senior Class, a talk was given by Mr. Miller, Commercial Attache of the United States to the members of the Association. Mr. Miller, who is stationed in Berlin, is out here on a short visit, and expects to return to his post shortly. The subject of his talk was "Labor Conditions in Germany," and it was thoroughly enjoyed by his listeners.

New Gael Yell Is Arata's Work

The new Galloping Gael yell which met with such success at the Santa Clara game is the result of the genius of Head Yell Leader Raymond Arata. Ray figured the yell out himself, and to him goes all the credit. He shows in this result of his inventive genius that he is a real yell leader. He not only thinks about leading the yells, but figures out how to make them more effective as well. Mr. Arata deserves real praise for this offspring of his mind.

BOOK PUBLISHED BY ALUMNUS

J. Alpheus Graves, '72, of Los Angeles, has put into book form the experiences and observations of his seventy years in California.

The book devotes a chapter to Old Saint Mary's College, formerly in San Francisco.

SENIOR DANCE GETS CROWD

GYM SCENE OF BIG FROLIC

The Senior Barn Dance in the Alumni gymnasium was carried off in gala style on last Friday evening. A goodly crowd attended the affair, and heartily enjoyed themselves.

The gym walls were decorated in rustic style, which supplied the farmy atmosphere. Louie Comtes' Peerless Syncopators supplied the music, and their rendition could not be improved on, their numbers being of the welcome "hot" variety. The novelty of the surroundings and the atmosphere proved so pleasing to all that it will not be surprising if this event becomes an annual venture of the Seniors in years to come. To the committee in charge goes all the credit. It consisted of De Lew, chairman; Connolly, Mello, Leal, Muldoon, and Joe Egan.

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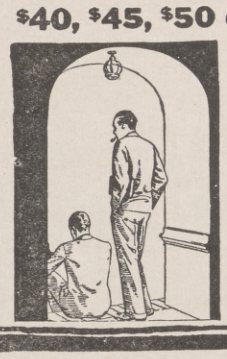

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(Continued from page 5)

Towards the end of the quarter Tobin blocked a kick and Frankian recovered the ball on the Bronco fifteen yard line. Another touchdown seemed in the offing, but the Bucking Broncos held the Saints, and taking the ball on downs, started to gain. One of the eagle-eyed officials thought he saw "Slip" giving a few signals from the bench, and the Saints were handed a fifteen yard penalty. Barsi, Bronco half, made fifteen more on a nice run, but here the Saints stopped them cold and they were forced to kick.

The whole final period found the Saints continually threatening to score. Madigan sent in his reserves and they were bucking that ball down the field. Incompleted passes spoiled their chances, however. Once MacIntyre intercepted a Bronco pass and was away to the races, but he slipped and was tackled out of bounds. Along about this time Falk attempted to punt from his own twenty-yard line, which Tobin blocked. The ball rolled over the goal line with Frankian, Illia and Falk in hot pursuit. Before "Pope" could fall on it the bounding pigskin rolled out of the end zone, and the Saints had to be content with a safety. Soon afterwards the game ended with the Saints winning their big game for the fourth consecutive time, 22 to 0.

The game was hard fought and clean, there being but few penalties. Red Chisholm, the big Bronco tackle, gave everything he had to save Santa Clara, but one lineman was not enough to stop the Saints' attack. He made many fine tackles, and when he left the game in the fourth quarter, glorious though defeated, he received the plaudits of the crowd.

Frankian, with his ability to snag passes, was the outstanding star of the game. His defensive work was far above par. To take Ike out of the play, or to try and run plays around him or through him, is like trying to move the Rock of Gibraltar. It did not take the Broncos long to find it out either. The same applies to Bettencourt, Illia and Tobin. Try as they might, Santa Clara could not gain a yard through any one of them.

Captain Larry Bettencourt and Pope Illia, playing their last game for the Red and Blue, gave everything they had and it was more than enough. Bulwarks on defense, and opening holes for the backs on offense, showed them at their best. Tobin, Ackerman, Murphy, Lien, Herrin, Higgins, MacCaffery, Sperbeck and McGaraghan all showed up well and stopped the Bronco offense for the most part dead in its tracks.

In the backfield Simas stood out with his running, passing and kicking. O'Gorman, Kasperowicz, Pitchford, Driscoll, Merrick, MacIntyre, Dick Scarlett, Bogan, Rooney, Johnson and Haley, all played fine games, both offensively and defensively. They made their yards, and they made their tackles. They broke up plays and passes. In short, they were in there fighting all the time.

Students To Play "Everyman" in S. F.

The moral play of "Everyman," which was so successfully produced by the student players of the College last year, is to be revived. Professor Hagerty, dramatic head, has assembled as many of the original cast as are available for a Y. M. I. benefit performance to be played on the evening of Tuesday, January 10th, in San Francisco. The men who played the roles of Riches, Kindred and Cousin are not in attendance at the College this year, and John Connolly will be Riches, Armand De Martini, Cousin, and an unknown will be recruited for the part of Kindred.

RAIN SUSPENDS ENGINEERING WORK

The Sophomore Class Engineers' latest threat is to look up Hatfield, the "rain maker." Of late, due to the rainy season, all field activities have been suspended. Captain Ted Osborne, their field leader, however, in an interview regarding the situation, said that if the rain does keep up to any great extent, the Engineers would have to invest in slickers and do their work just the same.

FORMER SAINT AT BELMONT

Rev. Albert T. Duffy, '22, is at present doing educational work at the Catholic High School at Belmont.

HUMOR

SO THEY SAY

A spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing the telephone wire near her home. She reported the incident, and the man in charge was asked to report. It read:

"Me and Bill Goodwork were on this job. I was up on the telephone pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall upon Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said: 'You really must be more careful, Harry'."

A NEW GAME

She was engaged in conversation with a Varsity man, and doing her level best to impress him with her love of games and with her proficiency in all of them.

"Do you golf?" he asked.

"I love it," she cried. "I play thirty-six holes a week, at least!"

"And tennis?"

"I won the woman's championship of our club!"

However, literature suddenly entered the conversation.

"Do you like Kipling?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Why only yesterday I kippled for over an hour!"

TRY THIS ONE ONCE

The busy man entered the barber shop. The opening flourishes were completed and the barber asked in a cheery voice, "How shall I cut it, sir?"

"Well," replied the patron, "you take the scissors in the right hand and the hair in the left, move the scissors over the hair and then squeeze the scissors."

Coupes are a poor type of car—so many of them break down in the suburbs.

DOINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC STUDENT

This day in poor spirits betake myself to the photographers, where I claimeth my pictures flattereth me but little, albeit I did sit prettily for the man to snap me. When these sad views arrive, many of the wits about school vociferously praised them and claimeth a remarkable likeness. Thus I suffereth grievously until I secureth another sitting, forasmuch as my face is that which I love above anything in the world. And thus to Milord Duke Le Fevre's class where he telleth how Commander Wallenstein, disgusted at his fanatique king, bareth his breast to the assassins, he being in his nightshirt, and alloweth them to bury their spears therein. Which seemeth to me a pretty way for a man to die, it settling all troubles at once. And thus away to spices and hamburger.

Captain: "You want a pistol. An automatic?"

General: "No, I want to shoot it myself."

SYLVESTER N. ANDRIANO, '11

Sylvester N. Andriano, '11, for his wonderful work in adult educational facilities in San Francisco, has been truly named one of the Lay Apostles of San Francisco. Mr. Andriano presents the ideal graduate of a Catholic College.

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